Trope: Slave Auction (Basic Chickens AU)

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Trope: Slave Auction (Basic Chickens AU)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

In a world ruled by the dominant omega ruling class, the almost extinct alphas are traded like cattle. The best some of them can hope for is to be auctioned to a benevolent owner. Elias has high hopes when he is sold as a service slave, but when he realises he has been bought by the son of the region’s strict and cruel overseer he gives up all hope of any luxuries or freedoms.

Notes

Still trying to catch up on myself after some RL blergh. So I'm hoping to post chapter 2 in the next few days but can't give an exact day. Chapter 2 has the smut so do check back in - maybe subscribe?

Chapter 1

Ork was not a good place to be born alpha.

Elias had not really known that until his father had died and he and his brothers had been taken in by the Sisters of Light.

At first it seemed that the only adjustment they would have to make was moving from a rural district to one of the metropolis centres. That turned out to be no problem at all as the orphanage was situated in large grounds that were much like a manicured version of the countryside they had known. What had been the problem was Elias.

He behaved bullishly. But he justified his rudeness and lack of civility to being separated from his brothers - who were to live in a different section of the orphanage meant for beta children. The Sisters saw it as an unfortunate and repulsive display of his alphadom.

Ork was the biggest continent on Orka. It was a massive landmass taking up a little under two-thirds of the surface - the rest was ocean, aside from two small and uninhabited poles. Historically perhaps the population had once been even, but now it was mostly beta. Even so, at the top of that was the 10% omega - the ruling class. The rich and powerful who used birthing pods to have more omega children with no need for any other genders to be involved.

And then there was the 6% alpha.

Elias had no idea what it really meant to be alpha until he reached 18 and the Sisters asked him to leave. He had cried and pleaded. He had told them how he didn't want to be sent away from his brothers - who were now all in the employ of the Institute of Light. He knew that it was because he was alpha, that he was considered a stupid brute. He wasn't educated by the Sisters as his brothers had been, relying instead on them sneaking him books and imparting

some knowledge when they snuck out to visit each other at night. He was mostly put to manual labour in the gardens, though was not trusted to care for any of the animals. Not even the chickens.

The Mother Superior took pity - claiming he was too dumb a brute to ever live by his own means and eviction would be tantamount to murder in such a case. Not all had agreed but he was allowed to stay - employed as a labourer in exchange for his cell, such as it was.

He was the only alpha there and it was a lonely existence. But it was something, it was safe. At least until the Mother Superior passed and, now in his fourth decade, he was finally evicted to face the realities of the world beyond. Yes, the Institute had been lonely, but a day after leaving and finding himself in the capital, he wished for nothing more than to be back with them.

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Adam stretched out on his bed, naked and enjoying the cool breeze that played across his skin. He often left the doors to the balcony open on balmy nights - it wasn't as though someone would scale the tower and break in, so high was he in the palace.

His mother was the overseer of the Capital - one of the most influential people in the whole land. To whom he was a massive disappointment. Of course he had accused her in arguments of making him the spoiled brat she said he was. But the truth was he wasn't unaware. He knew that he took advantage of her position and his privilege. And that wasn't even something that bothered her really - that was something expected of their class. What bothered her was that he didn't use it to gain political and business influence, even now that he was out of college. He used it - as she saw - to do nothing. To be lazy.

That was far from the truth, and she knew it. Granted he had a rebellious streak, but it felt justified. His mother would never acknowledge writing as a valid interest, let alone a career, so why bother arguing about it? Why not be petulant and play on their privilege? Writing was too creative, too *omega* - he'd been told when he was much younger, when it had practically been beaten out of him. Given their status they should be setting an example - omegas were not the weak and docile things the past had painted them and no son of hers was going to display any traits that seemed weak.

Aja came in without knocking, as was her way thanks to his mother's instructions. Adam groaned, knowing it signalled the end of his peace for the day.

"What has mother planned for today?" He huffed as he rolled and sat in the bed, not caring for his own nudity any more than his valet did.

"You will accompany her on a tour of the Southern District. Be a good boy." There was a warning there that made Adam want to snarl. Aja was his mother's pet more than his valet, and a reminder of the freedoms he lacked. The freedoms he would continue to lack until he fell in line - until he was a *good boy*.

He huffed again and threw himself out of bed and towards his bathroom.

*

Elias's face hurt. It was sore from the tears that had been burning it for hours as he had sobbed silently.

He wished he could see his brothers again. He wished he could at least be back with the Sisters and safe behind those walls, even if they weren't very nice to him. In the Capital people weren't nice at all.

At first it had been too crowded, something he wasn't really used to - people everywhere like insects buzzing around him, the weird and overwhelming neutral scent of so many betas in one place. He had found somewhere quiet - and that had been his mistake. The strange looks he had as people had passed him on the busy streets turned into wide-eyed glares as he sat in the quiet park. The few people that passed him reacted to him one way or another - some even gasped. One man looked repulsed as though he had scented something quite disgusting.

Elias in that moment had realised it was his alpha scent that was bothering people. His brothers were never bothered - perhaps they were used to it? The Sisters often turned up their noses to him, but it was hard to say if that was due to his scent or their general dislike of him.

"Hey, you…" a man was striding towards him and Elias winced, he didn't want any trouble. He had hoped to sleep on the bench that night, having made do in alleyways so far. "You - alpha! Hold there a moment."

The man didn't look mad, but stern and it reminded Elias of his father. The thought halted him for a moment and then the man was next to him whether he liked it or not. A beta, Elias could tell now he was closer. He had a very good nose for scenting, everyone said so - of course they had meant it in a cruel way because alpha traits were not something encouraged.

"Do you have papers?" The man asked, a look of sympathy and concern crossing his features. "Ownership? Who is your omega?"

Elias had no idea how to answer, he shook his head and shrugged. And then his indignation kicked in - "I… don't have an owner, I am not some sort of beast!"

The man looked over Elias's shoulder and gave a nod to someone that must have been there. Elias tried to understand the strange situation amongst the strange situations he had encountered thus far in his life - but then he felt the thud against his skull and the world went black.

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"Mother, is this necessary." Adam felt a little unwell. He had a strong stomach - it wasn't like he had never seen someone tied and flogged - but usually in the comfort of his own chambers and they were willing partners. This was barbaric.

The beta on the frame cried out as the whip came down across his back for another biting lash.

“You will stay and watch.” She hissed quietly through her teeth.

“You do realise that the Capital is one of the few cities that still carries out these kind of public punishments? It is very backwards.” He taunted, knowing what it would earn him but not caring. And as expected, her hand flew at his face and struck hard across his cheekbone, hard enough to welt. “Now now mother, some will say you are a cruel and merciless leader.” He smirked and then stepped back apace with a low bow towards her. She wouldn’t strike him again, it wouldn’t do to acknowledge her own son’s dissention with some of the nobility stood around them. Best she ignore it, ignore him.

Likely Aja would beat him later, as had been her task a good many years. But that was for future Adam to worry about. Present Adam was enjoying making his mother feel uncomfortable as she watched with intent and sparkling eyes a poor man was flogged for the crime of being too poor to pay his taxes. What good would punishment even do?

The flogging stopped and the man was taken down from the frame. That had been the third they had watched and his mother looked around expectantly for more.

Southern District’s Controller stepped forward to her looks of query. “We have a break in flogging today Overseer. We now have four unowned alphas in custody, so we will be holding an auction.”

His mother looked practically fucking delighted.

“Maybe if my wisdom won’t guide you, this might help.” She growled low at Adam as they were lead away from, what was essentially, a dungeon. “Seeing these mindless and devolved brutes should serve to remind you of what giving into those baser instincts leads to.”

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Elias woke with his head thumping and a sick feeling in his stomach. He wasn’t immediately able to get his bearings because it was dark. And the place stank. That was his overwhelming impression - the ingrained scent of alphas. Not a pleasant smell. Instinct had him on edge.

He knew enough history to know that when alphas had been more populace they had warred and raped and pillaged. And the things they had done to each other had been unspeakable - ever driven by their instincts. Alphas could not get along. They had to remain solitary from each other or go to war. Instincts told him - fight or flight.

“Hey, hey you.”

The female voice came from the darkness and Elias heard the rattle of chains. He tried to move at that and found he couldn’t - another rattle and instant realisation that he too was bound. That accounted for the restriction at his neck. He put up a hand and felt the leather collar there, he fingered the chain and followed it to the wall where it was bolted.

“I know you’re awake.”

“I am now.” Elias huffed, annoyed by the persistent voice. “Perhaps I might have remained sleeping had you not begun talking.” Fear made him brave.

There was a dark chuckle then. “No, you’d have been woken soon enough and a damn sight more violently. My name is Catherine Tramell, I had my own clan before the omegas took control of the hinterlands. Now look at me.” Another deep laugh.

“Why would I care?” Elias scoffed, a front - bravado to hide his concern. He had heard stories of the alphas who still lived free in the reaches of the hinterlands, and if they were to be believed this woman was dangerous. Manipulative, violent, greedy and possessive - an alpha.

She laughed lightly then, it seemed a delighted sound. “Oh you shouldn’t. I just like to say it out loud to remind myself of what I had. What I will have again. How many auctions have you been through now my friend?” She practically purred and Elias had an insight into how she might have used sexuality to be persuasive. He was almost grateful that the dark allowed him not to see her - he could imagine her something quite evil to behold. The sort of alpha the Sister’s had always spoken of, that he never saw in himself.

“I… I have never been auctioned. I have… I lived with the Sisters. They raised me after my dad died and-”

“And threw you out to fend for yourself in a world they had ill-prepared you for.” She finished for him with a note of disgust. “And you ended up in the Capital?”

He nodded though she couldn’t see. Glad of it once more as moisture began to gather painfully in his eyes. “Their Institute is just at the edge of the Capital, so I just… I came. I didn’t know where else to go.”

“Shame. If you had turned the other way you might have found-”

The door suddenly opened and light spilled painfully in. It was a cell, he could see now. Not especially large - windowless, only the one door. He and the female alpha sat on a floor of stone covered in straw. It was not for their comfort he could see - but to sop up the blood that was clearly visible now. Red, but blackening into the parts the light did not quite reach enough.

“Good crowd today. More money than sense to buy you fucking scum, but that’s not my business.” An almost toothless grin from the muscular beta that stood in the doorway.

Elias looked to the female and she grinned over at him. “Here we go again.” She sighed. The Beta grabbed her and hauled her up. Another beta came in and did the same to him, a third then entered and unbolted them from the wall, their chains now in hand.

“No funny business.” The last beta said, brandishing some sort of club.

They were bustled from the room and down a hall. Fear ran through him as he could hear the shouts and jeers and laughter of many people gathered up ahead.

“Catherine Tramell.” He heard the female whisper to him. “If you ever get free, remember my name. It may buy you your life.”

The beta holding her chain cracked it across her jaw. She spat blood and growled at the beta with a grin. What it might be to be an alpha like that, Elias wondered - both terrified and titillated.

The light was yet brighter as they were brought into a large room, packed full of people in Capital finery. Elias squinted as he was pushed up onto a small stage alongside Catherine and two angry and brow-beaten male alphas.

The scent was pungent. He noticed many people in the crowd, those near the stage especially, were holding handkerchiefs to their noses. But it wasn’t the ripe and gritty scent of his fellow alphas that was overwhelming his senses - it was something sweet and sickly. Like burnt honey.

Omegas.

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Adam grit his teeth as he watched the glittering and fanciful omegas around him hold delicate cloth to their noses, as though offended by the scent of the four alpha in the room. As though they could truly scent them so well as that in the packed room. An affectation of civility. His mother partook of course and glared at him as he chose not to.

It would serve her right if he bid on one of the brutes.

The idea made him grin.

He looked at them. The female looked dangerous. The two males the one side of her were weak and underfed. He wondered what they might have once been like and felt a bitter anger within him that he couldn’t quite qualify. He’d never met an alpha up close before, no closer than he was now, and yet his heart had always gone out to their plight. Perhaps it was just the temptation to rebel against his mother? Perhaps it was the way she ruled with such cruelty and expected the same of him? Perhaps it was that he knew what it was to be abused and trapped...

He’d much rather spend a day loving than fighting. If he was to be made uncomfortable and pained let it be in a pleasure chamber, not a boardroom.

His eyes swept back over the female to the last male on the stage. Bullish, large. Reasonable well kept, well fed. There was a story there - something of interest. And… a pleasing form. He was muscular from manual labour. Not the usual wasted and brow beaten appearance of the alphas he had chanced to see before.

He bit his lower lip as he considered the possibilities and felt a tightness pull within him from his chest to his balls.

It wasn’t as though Adam had never considered sex with an alpha before, but an opportunity had never presented itself. His mother disliked alphas immensely and was not one to tolerate their presence even as pleasure slaves. He found himself attempting to scent the air - to see if he could pick out this man amongst the others. As though the scent might tell him more. He wanted to know more.

That alpha, in an instant, piqued his interest more than any other person he had ever seen in his mother’s court.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Perhaps Adam isn't as free as it might seem?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay on this chapter. Life got sort of busy - I'm shortly moving back with my parents so packing constantly and then took a break from that to go meet Mads. It's been a hectic couple of weeks!

Adam raised his hand nonchalantly, despite the instant chatter around him and the steely glare from his mother. The auctioneer seemed momentarily surprised and then delighted. Yes, what a boon to have someone like him bidding at this auction. Especially given The Overseers well known dislike of having alphas in her household.

The other two males had sold low and the female was going to garner the most attention for both her rarity and reputation. This bullish one was something of an oddity that meant there were few bidders, but they appeared to be prepared to go higher than might usually. The fact of Adam's bidding seemed to put some off and urge others on, a strange juxtaposition of his place in society.

The bidding slowed when the shuddering hulk of an alpha began to quake and sob. This elicited a few frowns, though more chuckles, as some of the crowd took pleasure in an alpha brought low. Adam frowned at the behaviour of the omegas, clenching his jaw tight as he raised his hand once more and upped the bid by 500 units.

There was a gasp at that, certainly this alpha wasn't worth that much. Maybe not to everyone, but Adam found himself more and more beguiled by the creature. A story, nothing more to be sure, but an intrigue nonetheless. And that was worth more to him than most. He always had a great interest in a good story.

"Sold to Adam of the Towers." The auctioneer bellowed gleefully, giving him neither the chance to renege or for others to bid - neither of which was going to happen. Adam grinned to the crowd, not looking to the alpha as he was lead away, and making sure to not look to his mother - he already knew her countenance would be stormy.

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“You swine. You ingrate. That is my money you waste on foolishness.” The voice was angry and cold. “And to what end? Spite? You force my hand, I have to take this alpha now. Is this childish rebellion?”

“Mother, I am simply trying to do my bit for our family - to play the role you want me to. Should I not take a slave as part of that? Would that not be a way-” the cocky voice was cut off by a loud thwack and Elias’s ears pricked up.

He couldn’t see the people the otherside of the door but he assumed they were his purchasers.

“You will regret this Adam.” The cruel woman said again and then Elias could hear the clip of shoes retreating. A few minutes of rustled movement later and the door swung open and one of the betas from before pulled him from the cell and pushed him to his knees in front a young man.

Omega.

Elias realised. The scent up close was intoxicating and he felt an immediate tightening of desire in his gut. He didn't dare look up and hoped his slight arousal went unnoticed.

“You're an interesting brute.” The omega dropped to his haunches in front of him and lifted Elia’s chin with a single finger. His tear stained eyes met deep pools if of blue. “I hope you're worth it.”

There was a smile there that held equal comfort and fear.

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Adam had Elias taken to the palace’s servants quarters to have him bathed and dressed in more fitting attire before being sent to his chambers. He returned to those himself with some trepidation.

And rightly. Aja was waiting for him, an angry look and crop in hand.

“Adam.” She admonished as he entered his room. But he didn’t reply, merely removed his shirt and hoped this alpha really was worth it. Not just to piss his mother off but… there was something so interesting there. This wasn’t just any alpha, he was certain. And he was curious - something his mother had often told him was dangerous.

Curiosity killed the cat.

He was no cat. He didn’t have nine lives as those mythical beasts did. He might be dead by now if he had, so many times he had thought it would be beaten out of him.

The thought was ripped from his mind by a flash of white hot pain as the crop came across his back. By the tenth strike it was numb and was not felt as keenly, but he knew the sting would return.

“When will you learn?” Aja spat the words at him with no trace of real concern as she turned and left his chambers.

He stood trembling and allowed the sob he had been holding back as he sagged against his bed. Sinking face down and laying out flat, trying not to move and send shards of pain through the flesh of his back.

Adam wasn't sure how long he lay there, the pain blocked any thoughts. He didn't even hear the chime sound before one of the servants entered.

"Sir? Sir?"

"Hmm?" He tried to raise his head but wasn't able to.

"I have your… your alpha here. Should I leave him here or settle him in servant's quarters? Or your adjoining room?" She seemed nervous and unsure. They never had alphas in this palace. In others, yes - quite often kept as manual workers or sex slaves, but his mother did not care for such things and so this was something new for all of them. If he was to be a manual labourer he should be housed with the stable hands and groundsmen. If a sex slave then he would have the small room that adjoined Adam's...

"Leave him here." Adam managed to gasp out and wave a hand in the beta's general direction.

He must have passed out then because when he woke the room was dark, the sun long down and he could hear a faint sobbing. Adam took a breath and prepared himself for the pain as he eased himself up from the bed, letting out a slight yelp that caused the sobbing to stop.

His eyes adjusted to the light of the two moons coming in through the balcony windows and he could make out the huddled form in the corner nearest the door.

"Hey… hey alpha." Adam stood on shaky legs but not giving it away by the strength of his tone. The alpha didn't respond. "What's your name?"

The alpha looked up at that. Face blotchy and red from crying for, at a guess, hours. He looked small and sad despite his size and build.

"Your name?" Adam asked again, softer this time. Less commanding.

"Elias." The name came out on another sob. And Adam smiled. This was not what he had expected at all of an alpha, even this one. Yes, definitely an interesting story here.

"Will you… will you help me Elias? I'd like to turn on the light and call for some supper. Are you hungry?" Elias looked up confused. He surveyed Adam as though trying to work out what was wrong with him, it was hard to hide the pain he was in. Adam hadn't intended to use him in this way, wasn't sure how he had planned to use him really, but right now he needed help and Elias was the reason for that in a roundabout way. "Would you pull that bell?"

Elias stood slowly, confused and scared, but he did as asked - moving to the rope pull and calling for the servants. Adam pointed to the sensor next to it and Elias waved his hand in front of it causing the light to come on full power, at which Adam flinched. Another wave,

quick and responsive from the alpha, lowered the lighting a little and Adam found himself smiling at the nervous man.

“Don’t be scared of me. I… I don’t mean you any harm.” Adam smiled, the smile growing as Elias clearly believed him and straightened a little to his full height even if he did still look slightly terrified. He tried to step forward toward the alpha and winced as the pain screamed up his back and he wobbled.

Powerful arms were around him before he even realised he was falling. The alpha gently lowered him to the floor.

“You’re hurt.” Elias said. Adam nodded but tried for a dismissive smile. No matter that this alpha seemed upset and scared, it was never prudent to show anyone weakness, least of all an alpha if the stories were to be believed.

“Sir?” The door slid open, the same servant as before standing expectantly in the doorway.

“Please can you have supper for two brought up? And send Vala with some salve.” Adam commanded as he used Elias to pull himself back to standing, the alpha moving with him as support.

The servant nodded and the door slid closed once more.

Adam looked at Elias then, so close - supporting him still, holding him up with hands careful to avoid his back. He bit his lower lip as the scent of the alpha calmed him, biting back a whimper at the closeness. He had never been this close to one before and for a moment he knew why they were so dangerous. Not for anything they might do, but for the weakness they could cause in an omega. For that brief moment Adam wanted nothing more than to give himself wholey over to this stranger.

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“Adam…” Elias couldn’t help the tremor of concern as he moved forward.

The moons had waxed and waned twice since he had come to live with Adam and the experience still remained a strange one despite familiarity.

That first night the omega had been beaten on the orders of his mother. Elias had watched as a servant had come and cleaned and put salve the wounds on Adam’s back, that criss-crossed older ones. And that had been the first of many beatings Elias had witnessed, or at least heard, from the small room he had been provided off the side of Adam’s.

Each time he had felt rage building within him, wanting desperately to help the omega but having sworn to his new friend that he would not intervene as it would only make things worse.

And they were friends. That first night they had talked until the moons had gone back down and the star had risen high in the sky. Adam was curious, had asked him about his life and been fascinated by what Elias saw as nothing more than the mundane. But Elias had been

equally interested - confused and unsure about how life was outside of the Sister's care. For it was not at all as he had expected. He would never have considered an omega, not least such a prominent one, would ever be punished in this way.

But as time passed Elias had come to realise that Adam was as much a slave in his mother's household as he was.

"Your mother is very rude." Elias growled as he went to Adam's side. The omega was slumped on the floor as the valet had left him. She came with increasingly regularity to punish Adam for some offense he had caused his mother just by existing in a way that did not suit her.

Adam let out a cool chuckle. "Yes, that's one word for her."

With practiced routine, Elias helped Adam lay on the bed and then fetched the salve. The first couple of times, Elias had offered to help but Adam had looked concerned and declined. Elias had stopped asking as it seemed to distress Adam in some way. But today...

"Shall I call Valla?" Elias asked nervously. Every time this happened Adam had acted strangely - like he was scared of Elias. Maybe he was a clumsy brute as the Sister's had said and Adam was scared to be further injured if Elias helped him.

Adam turned his head to look at him and consider.

"I won't hurt you." Elias found himself blurting. He wasn't sure what made this time different, Adam was no more or less injured, but he found he wanted to be the one to provide the comfort and care the omega needed. And he was sure something inside him might tear apart if Adam denied him.

Adam looked surprised. "No… of course you won't. Elias… you are nothing like I imagined an alpha to be. Nothing like I had been told… I know you'd never hurt me."

Elias waited for a further response, thinking to the fact that Adam had stopped sliding the lock between their rooms into place for quite sometime. What he must have thought of alphas. What he must have been told! Elias could never have blamed him for that action. But now they were so close, such good friends. They had shared interests and stories, and even laughed together. They spent hours locked in these chambers, and on occasion had walked the grounds. They had created this little companionable world where they were the only ones to truly understand the other.

Elias had never had a friend before, he was sure Adam hadn't either, but he *was* sure that was what this was. Friendship. That was why it hurt so bad every time Adam was beaten, why he wanted to rampage through the palace and tear apart Aja and The Overseer. Why he wanted to hold the omega close and give him comfort, breath each other in and sigh against each other.

Elias let out a small sound of surprise as he felt stirring in his groin at the thought. A slight twinge, hopefully unnoticeable to Adam, but there all the same.

“Don’t fuss. I will call Valla.” Elias huffed and went to the pull cord. He realised this had been a mistake, just the very thought of rubbing salve onto Adam’s back...

“Wait!” Adam called out and winced as he tried to move to follow from the bed.

Elias froze and turned.

“What is it?” Adam asked. “What… what is that… there’s a scent… I…” Adam seemed immediately flustered and colour rose in his cheeks.

Elias groaned in response as he felt himself hardening. This hadn’t happened since he had been with Adam, but before it had happened on occasion. Once a year - he had had to pleasure himself to the point of pain. For days on end until several parts of his body were chaffed and sore.

“Please… Elias, yes you can help me.” Adam breathed out the words and then quickly turned and lay back on the bed.

Elias whimpered and moved slowly back to him, salve still in hard, warm now - it would go on soft. He swallowed at the thought of touching the omega. They had never touched each other beyond Elias helping Adam from floor to bed after each beating. Nothing more and yet now his palms ached as though he needed to touch the omega to relieve that discomfort.

He felt hot and dizzy and his entire vision seemed to narrow in only on the omega.

Elias moved to the bed and sat next to Adam, opening the pot of salve with shaking hands and taking some onto his fingers. He took in a deep breath and tried to ignore the now urgent ache in his groin as he put his fingers to Adam’s back. He worked the salve over new and old ribbons of pain, feeling the groves of the scars and the heat of the new wounds.

Adam stiffened at his touch at first and Elias moved his fingers as gently as he could, barely grazing Adam’s skin at all.

Adam moved on the bed, cradling his head in his arms as he raised his hips up, tucking his legs beneath him. Elias repositioned himself instinctively, slotting behind Adam so that he could lean forward and rub the salve in his shoulders. He reached forward, moving over the omega’s back and then further still, unable to help himself as he lowered his face to bury his nose in the hair at the back of Adam’s neck, breathing deeply the scent there.

“Alpha…” Adam whispered the word and pushed himself back until he was practically sitting in Elias’s lap. Just as Elias was prepared to move - terrified at the reaction Adam would have to his hardness - the omega moaned softly.

“Adam…” Elias breathed his name against his skin and pressed his lips to him. “I don’t want to hurt you… I should… I should leave…” Elias trembled. He was growing uncomfortably hot and felt a burning need within him. A rut the Sisters had called it, with no little disdain. When he had managed it on his own he had never imagined that the answer was to share the time with someone else, much less an omega. And now he was terrified at that thought.

Adam was his friend, and although he knew Adam sometimes like to have rough sex with some of the betas of his acquaintance, this was not that. Elias wasn't sure if he could control himself. He didn't want to be the brute that everyone presumed alphas to be. He didn't want to be the alpha he knew he could be every time he had squeezed his eyes shut and covered his ears with his pillow so that he could try to ignore Adam having sex in the next room.

There was a sweet scent rising that was making Elias feel even dizzier. Sweat was breaking out all over his skin and his cock had never been more painfully hard in his life. He had to get away from Adam before he did something bad. Something alphas weren't meant to do with omegas.

"Please Elias… No, don't leave me. I want… I need to… You need..." Adam turned to look over his shoulder and his lust blown eyes took Elias back a little.

He was right, Elias did *need*.

Adam, still resting forward on one arm, reached back and started to pull down his breeches, the scent of slick, thick and cloying, as the cloth revealed the soft rounded globe of his ass.

Elias moaned and then started to loosen his own clothing, covering them in the salve on his hands before he could even think of resisting further. His tunic went to the floor, and he pushed his own trousers down to his thighs before pressing forward and immediately into Adam's slick wet heat. He was slow but firm as he pushed into the omega, pulling low groans from them both.

They both moved on instinct, Adam reaching back to claw at him and try to bring him deeper, as Elias buried himself in the omega over and over. He pressed his fingers into Adam's hips, trying to avoid Adam's sore back, even as his mind clouded. This was as it had been before, this feeling of needing to claim and mate, but never before had he done so. And now he wanted to bite, wanted to sink his teeth into Adam's neck and claim him. It took all his strength of mind to hold back from that, instead allowing himself to become lost in the gasps and chirps of pleasure coming from the omega beneath him.

"Yours… Alpha…. Yours." Adam was muttering incoherently as he went with the motion of each of Elias's thrusts. The pleasure clear in his expression as his cheek lay against the pillow and he intermittently bit at his lower lip.

Elias shuddered and gasped as he started to swell. It had happened before at times such as this but he had never considered the practical application of how that might work with a sexual partner. Alphas and omegas didn't do this. This was something taboo. From servant's gossip he had never been intended to overhear, he knew that even those that kept alpha's as sex slaves stopped short of this. And yet -

The desire. The *need*. He knew Adam felt it too.

Adam whimpered as Elias thrust hard, pushing his rapidly swelling knot into the omega. Then he gasped, groaned, pushed back - trying to take Elias as deep as he could go.

Elias's heart was thudding in his chest, this was so forbidden, but he couldn't bring himself to care as his skin buzzed and his mind fogged. As the overwhelming desire that annually plagued him to take and mate finally began to subside as the swell of pleasure in his belly grew.

He cried out and pushed himself to the hilt as he spilled within Adam.

Adam sobbed his pleasure and shuddered as he came, his inner muscles undulating, milking Elias as he continued to spill over and over. His balls were tight and every muscle in his body was rigid as he climaxed for an eternity.

"Omega…" He groaned out the word. "Adam…" Softer this time, though still a gravel to his voice as he stared adoringly at the creature beneath him that he wanted to worship over and over. The omega he would gladly remain enslaved to for his entire life if he would permit it.

*

The beatings increased and Adam tried his best to hide from Elias that they were because of his presence. Anytime his mother had the faintest idea that he might be letting the alpha knot him she would send Aja as discouragement. If she ever had any real proof he was unsure what she might do. Even she would draw the line there and make an example of him and of Elias. He dreaded to think what she might do to his alpha.

Even so, it was getting harder to keep Elias calm and allow it to happen. He knew it might only be a matter of time before the alpha broke into the room and confronted Aja during one of his punishments. Not that breaking in would be a problem right now. And that was the other risk - that mother would send Aja to punish him at night or spy and confirm - when he lay in his bed, wrapped in the alpha's arms. He tried not to imagine her coming in now and finding them in the post-coital haze, Elias having fallen asleep contentedly before his knot had even softened and freed them from each other. And so many nights that could happen, so many nights they fell to sleep in each others arms, or still tied together.

At least the heat suppressants standard to all omegas avoided one potential evidence of their union. The idea of them having a child without a birthing pod… his mother would likely put them all to death at that.

He tried to ignore the thought and snuggled further against Elias, taking in his comforting scent. He had no idea how omegas resisted this? Yes they compromised some of their power becoming reliant on another, but it wasn't one sided. He and Elias were conjoined - they were both compromised for the other. It wasn't a weakness, it was a partnership that made them both stronger.

Or it would, if they weren't both essentially prisoners. Adam knew they were on borrowed time. Even if she did not suspect their relationship, soon his mother would force him to be the omega she expected him to be. She would likely take Elias from him, or worse - use Elias against him if she had an idea of how close they had become. Of how he enjoyed Elias's brash nature, how he loved hearing about the alpha's stories of when he was free, or how he desired, *needed* to be held down and fucked by him. Soft and tender, hard and rough - anything he wanted Elias would give him.

And that was hard to hide. He couldn't engage with betas anymore, he had no desire to - and he wouldn't do that to Elias. But only the day before his mother had commented that he had fewer bedfellows than usual and it had been noted. It was only a matter of time before this little escape they had created for themselves would end. Painfully.

Adam felt the tears wet his cheeks as he pressed his face into the crook of Elias's neck. He wanted this as long as he could have it.

Adam hadn't realised he'd drifted off until he heard a crack and a thud. He immediately looked to the door, expecting to see Aja there to end this. But there was no one.

Another thud and a rustle.

Adam sat up in the bed, pulling out of Elias's embrace to which the alpha mumbled in his sleep and rolled over.

Adam looked about him, unsure where the noise came from and waiting for his eyes to adjust to the darkness. But then there was a press of cold metal to his throat and he stilled.

"Don't move." A cool female voice told him. "Where is the alpha you bought? And don't be stupid little princling, I'll know if you lie to me - I'll scent it as well as I can scent your fear."

"He's…" Adam grit his teeth. It would be impossible to hide the man laying right next to him, but he wanted to protect him. "He is none of your concern. Kill me if you must, or take me prisoner, I'm sure to fetch some ransom. But you cannot have the alpha."

There was a light chuckle then. "By gods, did you bond? Should I check your pretty little neck for a claiming bite?"

The blade was gone from his throat then and the woman whistled. At that the lights came on and Adam could see there were two others in the room, one next to the light sensor. He turned to look at the woman - the female alpha from the auction.

She was grinning, looking between him and Elias's sleeping form that she could now see clearly.

"Well." She said, blowing out a puff of air as she clearly considered the situation. "I can't imagine for one minute this gentle thing coerced you in anyway, so it must be love. In which case… you are welcome to join us as well princling. But we will be taking the alpha either way." She made a mock of a low bow and let out a laugh.

"What? Join you where?" Adam asked, moving closer to Elias, poking at him as subtly as he could, still very wary of the alpha despite the fact that she was sheathing her blade.

Elias grunted and grumbled and rolled back towards him, looping arms around Adam's waist and snuggling into him.

The female laughed again, greatly amused by them. The laugh ended with a snort that woke Elias. He blinked and yawned before his nose twitched, scenting the company. He sat

immediately and pulled Adam close to him as he looked about him and assessed the situation - clearly he had expected palace staff, not this.

He turned and looked at the female. “Catherine Tramell?”

“She wants us to join her.” Adam said, trying not to feel the intimidation her cool gaze wanted to impress.

“Come on, we don’t have much time.” She said, pulling the covers back to reveal their naked forms. She took no notice, turning only to her fellows and giving a hand gesture. They began to load anything worth stealing into bags slung against their backs. “We didn’t scale this damn building for just trinkets.” She told them as she picked their clothes up from the floor where they had been discarded in an earlier fit of passion. “Safety in numbers. All alphas are an asset and if they come with an omega attached, that’s just fine.” She grinned and threw the clothes at them.

Adam’s heart was racing. Did she really mean for them to escape? For them to be free? It was something he had never considered. He would never have made it out of the Capital without his mother finding him and bringing him back, but perhaps with these ruffians? He had assumed he and Elias were destined for a darker fate but now…

The glow of the two full moons streamed in as the curtain to the balcony billowed open, lighting the way out as it lit his heart.

“Where do we go?” Adam asked, trembling as he started to move from the bed and pull on his clothes at once.

“Paradise, my little slave master. Paradise.”

*

One Star-Cycle Later

“They’re back.” Elias grinned as he spotted the scavenging party on the horizon. He turned back to look into the simple structure that his family called home.

Liam gargled and rolled a little, which made Elias smile. He was growing so quickly. Elias had no idea such happiness could exist, to know that their child would never grow up with concern over his dynamic. Omega, beta, alpha, natural born or born from a pod as Adam had been - no matter what he would be welcome in this community in the hinterlands. This paradise built over generations and offering safe haven to those in need. To those who could escape the reach of the omega’s regime.

Maybe in the future things might change, they had heard rumours in recent months of civil unrest, even in the Capital - The Overseer defied by her own son - but it didn’t matter. So long as they were this far out and had so many alphas in their number, the omega’s didn’t dare bother them. They could live free and safe. Elias was worth something here, his very presence was welcomed and needed as an addition to their number.

He went to Liam's cot and lifted him out, letting the little one look out the window to the smiling group that was returning to the settlement. Adam out front with Catherine - an omega of great value, Elias beamed. Educated and cunning, and so very beautiful. His beautiful mate.

Elias sighed and snuggled Liam closer. "Daddy's home." He smiled against their son's hair.

Liam gurgled and Elias opened the door, grinning as Adam broke into a trot - breaking from the rest of the party and returning to their family.

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